

## Blood & Two Sugars

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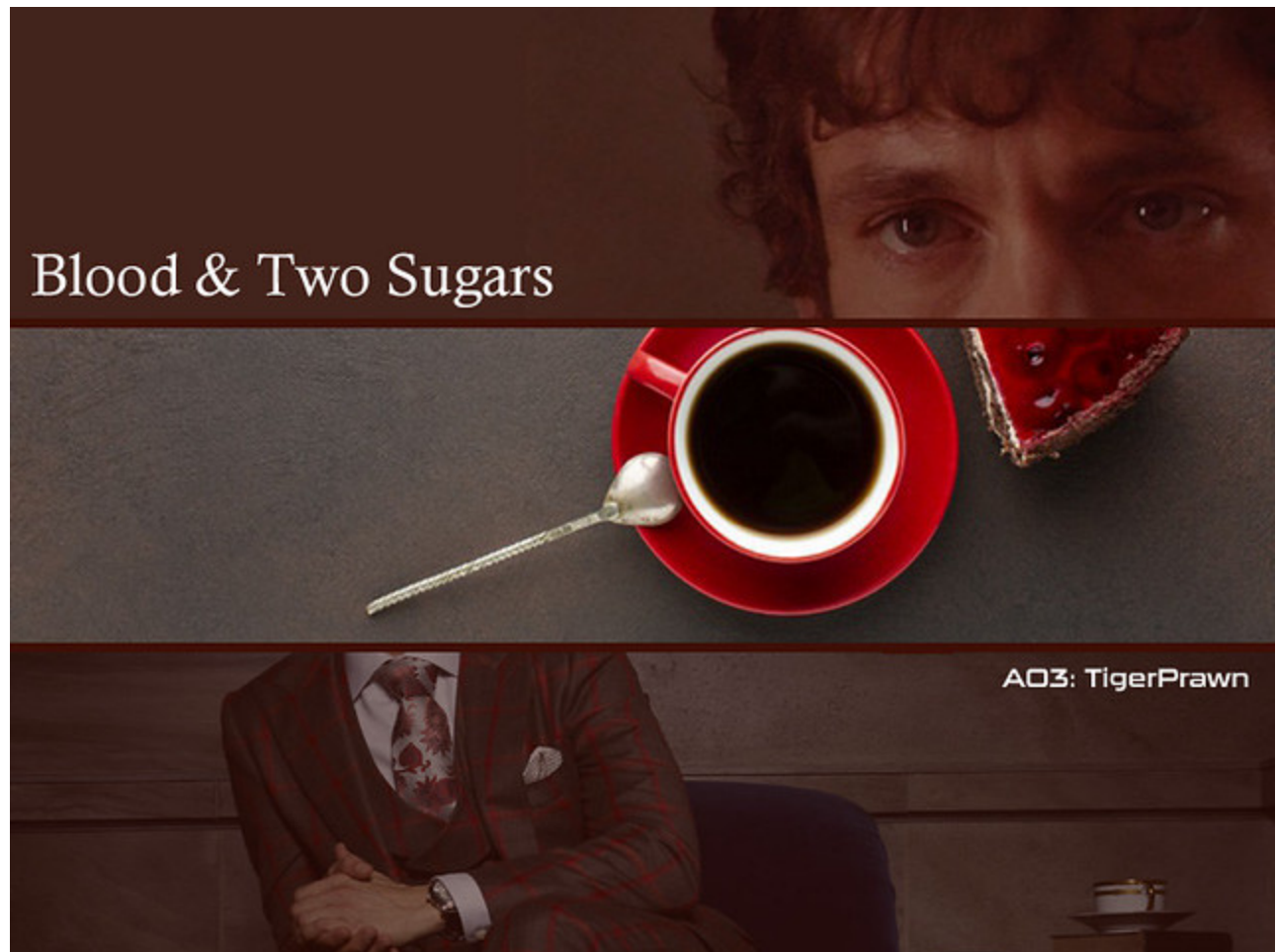
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# **Blood & Two Sugars**

by [TigerPrawn](#)

## Summary

A country vampire and a city vampire meet in a coffee shop and strike up an acquaintance.



Will sat sipping his coffee and glowering at the man ordering at the counter.

It was nearing closing time and Will had been selfishly enjoying having the small coffee shop to himself. It was so hard to find nice quiet, out of the way places like this that served vampires at all, much less specifically catered to them like this shop. Most vampire cafes in the city were busy and loud, full of both vampires and the sort of humans who enjoyed being around them.

Will could hear snippets of the conversation at the counter.

The customer, a well dressed man in the sort of eccentric three piece suit that only a vampire could get away with, seemed to be asking the barista about their blood supply. He was looking for something special for a dinner party he was hosting and waxed poetic about how the powdered blood in their dark roast was exactly what he was looking for.

The young barista, polite as one could be with such an imposing and obviously aged vampire, had no idea and the manager who did the ordering would not be around until the next day.

Whilst the interaction was pleasant and sedate, being the only other noise in the small space it irked Will as much as a rock concert would.

Just as the conversation seemed to be coming to an end, the customer changed the subject and began to ask about something on the Halloween menu.

At which, Will let out a huff. A deep sound of annoyance that he hadn't planned to make but had both the barista and customer looking at him. The barista with wide-eyes and the customer with a smile that bordered on a smirk.

"Do you have an opinion on pumpkin spiced beverages?" The customer asked, his eyes burning a little red. If Will were human, or even a younger vampire, he might be intimidated by the man's presence. But as it was, he was several centuries beyond finding much intimidating.

"I just want a quiet drink." Will replied. His tone was more one of exasperation than trying to avoid confrontation, and that seemed to amuse the other customer.

He turned back to the counter and picked up the order he had placed when he'd first come in and sauntered over to Will's table. Without invitation, as none was required in a public setting, the man placed down his drink and took the seat opposite Will.

"Doctor Hannibal Lecter," He introduced himself, at which Will glowered at him.

Will grunted but didn't offer anything in return. And why should he? He'd just told the man that he wanted peace and quiet and here he was crashing Will's table.

"You're not from the city," Lecter observed.

"Just passing through," Will replied before taking a sip of his drink and looking out the window. Resolved in having to endure this asshole's company. He didn't want a fight, he didn't want a scene. He should just ignore the interloper, despite the intrigue that pulled at him.

"Doctor then or now?" Will asked, and that pulled a smile from the man.

"Both." Lecter replied, relaxing back in his chair. "Of course when I first trained it wasn't quite as we'd call medicine these days. More refined butchery and a hope for the best. But I have kept up my medical training and had my licence renewed, effectively I have continuously been a physician for over two centuries."

There was a pause there for Will to no doubt insert an ahh or an ohh at what could be considered impressive information. When he gave no response at all, Lecter continued.

"When vampires became public knowledge it was hard to get by for a while, but then when our rights were enshrined in law, I decided to step back from surgery and other more blood accessible avenues and go into psychiatry."

At that Will did react, with a hearty laugh.

"A vampire shrink?" He shook his head as he continued to chuckle.

“You’d be surprised how many people feel that someone centuries older than themselves would counsel them well through their problems and neurosis.” Lecter replied, cool and amused.

Will shook his head, “I would say that’s crazy, but that goes without saying I guess.”

Lecter raised his brow, “Not quite how I would describe those seeking support with their mental health.”

Will smiled at having touched a nerve and huffed out a chuckle, “I guess you have some scruples, huh?”

“On the contrary, I have very few.” Lecter replied, his grin showing his fangs. “But I do consider myself a professional, nonetheless.”

Will smirked and sat back, eyeing the vampire over.

He rarely met any as old as he was these days, and it was clear Hannibal Lecter was within decades of himself at the least. Rarely got to have conversations this satisfying, if he was honest. And he couldn’t quite put his finger on why that was.

Was it the way they seemed to show equal reserve and calm? The implication of equal mix of understanding and annoyance at the human race? There was just something that humans, and often younger vampires, just didn’t get as they rushed through life as though it were going to end at any minute. Being undead changed your perspective in ways that were unimaginable, often even for the first century or so.

As they sat there in the cafe it was as though the world were speeding past outside the window. They sat there, slowly drinking their coffee. Will’s own was black with blood, he could scent that Lecter however had a sweet tooth and at least two sugars in his, but thankfully no cream to create that horrible pink curdle so many enjoyed.

Yes, despite first appearances and the clear differences between them, they likely had more in common than any other vampires each had met in a great while. In these few minutes Will had felt an unexpected connection, one that was clearly mutual from the way Lecter looked at him.

“I’m leaving the city tomorrow,” Will put out there, which was acknowledged with a smile.

“I’ve been in the city a long time, I do wonder sometimes if I could use a break. Somewhere quiet.” Lecter scented the air and then continued with a flirtatious tone, “Somewhere woody, with dogs and a stream.”

“Hmm.” Will hummed his amused agreement and continued to sip at his coffee. “I’m not in the habit of giving invitations to complete strangers.”

Lecter cocked his head, his smile soft in a dangerous sort of way. “I am merely suggesting we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly.”

“I don’t find you that interesting.” Will bit back, though struggled to curb his smile, hiding it behind his coffee cup. He was enjoying this banter and certainly not at all averse to knowing Lecter better. Which surprised himself somewhat. The man was attractive, though after centuries of life that wasn’t something he considered a high priority. This other, unexpected connection though?

He wasn’t surprised by Lecter’s confident response.

“You will.”

And he probably wasn’t wrong. After all vampire courtship could last decades. Will wondered how long it would take him to freely admit the interest he could already feel blossoming inside him.

“Perhaps.” He replied, savouring Lecter’s responding smile.

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